

THE GUIDON

MARCH, 1906



State Female Normal School
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

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MARCH, 1906

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakspeare.

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Farmville, Virginia



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THE GUIDON

"It were better
Youth should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon aught found made."
—*Browning.*

VOL. 2

MARCH, 1906.

No. 6

March.

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window-sill !
Is it fairy gold ? Does it glitter still ?
Bless me ! it is but a daffodil !

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed.
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out of the earth's snow-mist.

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows !
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

—CELIA THAXTER.

Noted White House Weddings.

NO SOCIAL EVENT of the season has equalled in universal interest the magnificent marriage of Alice Roosevelt to Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati. In nearly every periodical of any importance we find accounts of the grace and beauty of the bride, her splendid trousseau, and the magnificence of her wedding gifts.

Now, while the interest of the world is awakened by this event, the minds of many people naturally revert to the preceding marriage ceremonies that have taken place within the historic walls of the White House. Miss Roosevelt is the tenth bride to pronounce her wedding vows beneath this roof.

Only one son of a president has been married here while four daughters, counting the recent bride, claimed the distinction of having been brides of the White House. In the choice of a room for the ceremony, the majority of the brides have shown a decided preference for the Blue Room, but, on account of its greater size, the East Room has been the scene of the most brilliant ceremonies. It is said that in the early days of the White House this now famous room was used by Mrs. Adams, the wife of the president, as a drying room during inclement weather.

Historians tell us that only one woman can claim the honor of being married in the original White House, which was burned by the British during the war of 1812. It was during the administration of President Madison that the first marriage took place. Miss Anna Todd, a niece of the president, was married to Representative John A. Jackson, of Virginia, the grand-nephew of our famous "Stonewall." Miss Todd was a beautiful and accomplished girl from Philadelphia, and the acknowledged social belle of the season. It was, perhaps, through the influence of Dolly Madison, the popular wife of the

president, that the nuptial ceremony took place in the White House. The wedding was a great social event, and the festivities a "nine days' wonder" to the people of Washington.

After the restoration of the White House in 1818, another marriage took place. The bride was Maria Monroe, the youngest daughter of President Monroe, and the groom was Samuel L. Gouverneur, a near relative of the president. He was a native of New York, and held, at the time, the position of acting secretary to the President.

Historians have recorded little of the majority of these early marriages, and only a few stand out prominent from the rest.

The next marriage to create any great national interest, was that of Nellie Grant, the daughter of General Grant, to Algernon Sartoris, a handsome young Englishman. The bride was a beautiful girl of eighteen. She inherited her father's qualities of stubbornness and persistency, but, unlike him, she was fanciful and imaginative. She met young Sartoris on a steamer bound from England to New York. He was both handsome and rich, and to the inexperienced girl he appeared the personification of all that was pleasing and desirable in life. Her romantic nature and her desire to be unlike others, overcame the dictates of her better nature, and she consented to become the wife of the man that she did not really love. The deep feeling of hatred that prevailed among the American people towards all Englishmen caused the marriage to be looked upon with great disfavor. Grant himself was opposed to it, but the indomitable will of his daughter overcame his opposition, and his consent was given for the marriage to take place in the White House. Nellie Grant married contrary to the wishes of her father and the nation, and she has lived to rue the day in which she committed this folly. She was, possibly, the most interesting and interested guest who attended the marriage of Miss Roosevelt. The attention that she attracted is not wholly due to the fact that thirty years ago she held the same position now occupied by Miss Roosevelt. It needed not a specially close observer to see that here was a woman who had suffered for some past mistake. Perhaps as she gazed on this brilliant scene, recollections, not wholly pleasant, were stirred up in the heart of this unfortunate wife.

Not long after this marriage, there was another in the White House. This was a charming little family wedding, and no great national interest was aroused. The bride was Miss Emily Platt, the popular niece of President Hayes. The groom was General Russell Hastings, an old war comrade of the President.

The marriage of Frances Folsom and Grover Cleveland is of comparatively recent date, and very little effort is necessary to recall to the minds of many the splendor of the ceremony and the great excitement it produced. Mr. Cleveland was popular both in politics and in social life. Miss Folsom possessed a charming individuality and had gained for herself great popularity. The union was sanctioned by all concerned, and the ceremony created a universal interest. The wedding took place in the Blue Room. A noted chronicler of news of that day describes the bride thus: "Beautiful in face and form, she was a vision of loveliness as she stood blushing before the friends gathered about her. Her dress was of ivory satin, with trimmings of India silk arranged in Grecian folds over the front of the corsage and fastened in folds of satin at the side. She carried no flowers and wore no jewels except her engagement ring. Gloves reaching to the elbow completed the perfect toilette of the White House bride."

It is hardly necessary to say anything about the wedding that took place in the White House a few weeks ago. There is nothing that has so interested and excited the social world of America.

" From Michigan to Mexico,
From Florida to Maine,
From far Alaska's frozen snow
To Dixie's sugar-cane.
Lo! every ear is strained to hear
Across the hills and dells,
The mellow music, sweet and clear,
Of merry marriage bells."

This same writer goes on to say of the bride:

" Oh! never yet a sweeter maid
Has worn a wedding gown;

The nation's deepest love is hers,
A matchless bridal crown.
And ancient kingdoms far away
Beyond the rolling sea
Have honored with their costly gifts
The daughter of the free."

The newspapers have vied with each other in descriptions of everything pertaining to the wedding. It is, therefore, unnecessary to dwell upon these well-known facts, and I will only say that, noted as were many of these White House brides, Miss Roosevelt is perhaps the most noted one that has ever been married beneath this famous roof.

BESSIE H. PAULETT.

Argus.

A Peculiar Warning.

MARY STUART, living in the suburbs of New York, one night had a very strange dream. She saw a hearse drive up to her door, and a man, dressed in black, jump out; he beckoned to her, saying, "Come on; are you ready?" After standing a few seconds, as if waiting for her, he stepped into the hearse, shut the door, and drove away.

Not long afterwards, Mary went to visit a friend in New York. Among the many interesting things to attract her in this beautiful, wonderful city, were the large department stores. While in one, a few days after her arrival, her friend asked her if she wished to go to an upper floor to see the stuffed animals. Mary was much pleased at the proposition, so they went to the landing to wait for an elevator. It was not long before one came down. The man opened the door of the elevator, and seeing the girls waiting, beckoned to them, saying at the same time, "Come on; are you ready?" Mary recognized him at once as the man she had seen in her troublous dream. Wild with fright, she threw her hands over her face, and rushed from the store. Her friend, puzzled and annoyed by her strange behavior, followed her hurriedly.

The man in the elevator waited a moment, in wonder, then shut the door, and the elevator started up. There was a terrible crash—a piercing scream! The elevator had broken—had dashed to the bottom of the shaft—every passenger had been killed!

Mary Stuart has always been supremely thankful for the peculiar, mysterious warning that saved her own life and that of her friend.

CHARLEY JONES, '10.
Cunningham.

A Day's Disasters.

ON RETURNING to my room from dinner one day, I find to my great astonishment and grief, that my door has been adorned with a beautiful copy of the "State Female Normal School Rules and Regulations." What shall I do! They were hard enough to keep before, but with them before me where I can always see them, I know I shall be constantly breaking them. I wonder if I am the only one who has had given to her, such an awful reminder of her misdeeds, past, present and, I fear,—future.

I go to another girl's room and find she has a copy also, and then I don't feel so bad, for I guess they all have one. Well, I must try all the harder to obey orders!

That night at supper we are requested to go to the auditorium to have a little family talk with the President. He is very fatherly and reads and explains the rules quite forcibly, and makes a few additions to them such as, "Be sure to close your blinds the minute the light comes on and keep them shut until it goes off the next morning." "All girls who will not study any themselves, and won't let others study, are to be henceforth allowed to keep study hour in Miss Coulling's class room, where they will be afforded amusement."

I come away deeply impressed, and feeling as if I shall never break another rule, or find it hard to abide by the *few* regulations we have.

It is worthy of note that I am in bed on time for the first night this week, and I fall asleep promising myself I will keep all the rules to-morrow.

I am awakened by the seven o'clock gong and I jump out of bed as if I had been shot, because, although I do not care for any breakfast, I must be in the dining-room or get "sat upon" for breaking the rules. I hurry to the bath-room, and, as usual, the H²O in the hot water faucet is a little nearer zero than that

in the other one. It runs so slowly that the fifteen minute bell rings before I have time to take my bath. I dress with the greatest haste and start down stairs after the breakfast bell stops ringing, putting on such small things as collar, belt, and pins. I can't go very fast because I took "gym" yesterday, and I feel as if it would be death to run.

Will I get there—? Yes, she is just closing the door. I go in—the very last girl. "Why don't you get down sooner and not keep me waiting? You came near being locked out."

After breakfast I come to my room, and am perusing my "home letter." I am lost to everything going on around me and am wholly unconscious of the flight of time. Presently one of the girls reminds me of the fact that it is my day to clean up the room. Oh, gracious! I had forgotten it. How can I do it before chapel. It is twenty-five minutes after eight this very second, and the room must be ready by nine o'clock. I must be at chapel at fifteen minutes to nine. Can I possibly do both? Which rule must I keep? "Which shall it be, which shall it be?" I look at the broom, and the broom looks at me. I will try to do both, although I know it is almost an impossibility. I go to work. The room is swept but I fear more dust is left under the beds than I take up in the pan. I look high and low for a dust cloth, but none is to be found. I snatch up a dilapidated handkerchief, and use that as a substitute. Books are everywhere and the beds are not half made. I am just tucking in the last cover when the chapel bell rings. There, I must hurry, nearly everybody is gone. I start down the hall and I remember I did not dust the shade over the electric light, or wipe off the transom. I turn back to do this, and then proceed, but as I reach the auditorium door I find to my horror that I am late—they are just singing "Amen." Oh, dear! here I am, absent from chapel. What shall I tell the President next Monday?

The day goes on. I break a rule every time I turn around. It is strange, but I seem to be "smashing the record" when I am trying my hardest to be good.

Dear me, I wanted to go down town this afternoon, and here it is four o'clock and I forgot to get permission, so I can't possibly go unless I steal off. Shall I do it? I can't go any more this

week as I have tests to study for. I am compelled to have those things for drawing tomorrow, and I don't know a soul who is going. I will run the risk.

I start in fear and trembling but I am not going to stay long.

"Good evening, young lady." Horrors! It is the President, and he is speaking to me. Am I going through the ground? Suddenly I remember he does not know that I haven't permission, and I hurry on, but I meet every member of the faculty, "our nurse," "Aunt Pattie," and last, but by no means least, the matron. I have felt as if each of the others must know that I am stealing off, but now I am sure my end has come. By and by, she passes on leaving me feeling quite flat. I hurry back but the thoughts of my misdemeanors weigh so heavily on me, that I resolve to try to forget them a while and find diversion in a trip to "Uncle Pat's." Of course, this is breaking a rule in a mild form, but I am used to that now.

At supper I get a lovely calendar in the mail. I want to put it up and I look around for a hook, or a picture hanger, but in vain. I try to borrow one but with no success. Well, I will just drive in a pin or two, which will hold it nicely and I can see how it looks. How much prettier the room is with it, but lo! I have broken another rule. Surely there is not one left that I have not disobeyed! Alas! I turn toward the window and find I have forgotten to close the blinds. I devoutly hope the watchman has been engaged all night on the other side of the house.

By the way, I want to study my Latin and I lent my book to Sally Green yesterday, and she hasn't brought it back. I must go to her room and get it. On my way I am as quiet as a mouse, and walk like a cat, but on turning a corner, I run into—well one of the ladies of the house. Heavens! Another "sitting on!" "Don't you know you have no business in the halls during study hour?" "I am just going"—I try to explain, but I am interrupted with, "Go straight back to your room. I am tired of having girls running all over the building during study hour, and I won't speak to you many more times; I shall report you."

I return disgusted with myself, with everybody else, and the rules in particular. I won't study any more. I am going to the infirmary to see Mary Black.

I can't find the nurse to get permission to go in, so I just peep in at Mary. She talks a little,—my head goes in, soon my body follows, and, before I know it, I am in the infirmary without leave. Another rule gone to smash! Luckily, I get out before the nurse returns, and so escape my punishment.

On my way back "home," the ten o'clock bell rings. I dash into my room for, oh goodness! what shall I do! I can't undress before the matron comes around. I hurry and almost tear my hair out in my anxiety to get it plaited, my face is washed in desperate haste—I will do better next time. My poor teeth will have to be content with a light brush and a promise, Can't stop to read the Bible, or pray, except that I may be able to turn out the light before "she" comes. At last I am ready—no, I have forgotten to take my three kinds of medicine, rub my lungs, and put glycerine on my lips. Can't help it, here goes the light.

A knock at the door! "All in?" "Yessum" (but, oh, dear! she has seen the light. All this hurry for nothing—might as well get a "sitting on" in the light as in the dark). "Don't you know the light ought to be out at ten minutes after ten? Why don't you obey the rules? Didn't you hear the president's talk last night? You do not seem to have any idea of keeping the Rules and Regulations of the Normal School." "Yessum." I say it very meekly this time, but she does not know I still have on my shoes.

I cannot help wondering, as I am taking off my shoes a little later, why it is that the rules, which seem so easy to keep when they are read and explained, are so easy to break when we come in contact with them.

M. L. W.

King Arthur the Ideal Knight.

MANY are deterred from the study of poems by the criticisms they read, but "poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors," every reader must find his own interpretation, according to his ability and according to his sympathy with the poet. The general drift of the Idyls of the King is simple enough. Tennyson says, "There is no simple fact or incident in the Idyls, however seemingly mystical, which cannot be explained, as without any mystery, or allegory whatever." The poet said, "I hate to be tied down to say this means that, because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation."

"The whole is the dream of a man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin. Birth is a mystery, and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the tableland of life with its struggles and performances." It is not the history of one man or one generation, but of a whole cycle of generations.

Tennyson pictures Arthur as an ideal man—"The old world knows not his peer, nor will the future know his equal, he alone towers over other kings, better than the mightiest of the past and greater than those that are to be."

King Arthur seems "clothed in majesty." His kingly qualities and noble character were manifested in his personal appearance, as well as in his life.

"From spur to plume a star of tournament,
He rode resplendent through the lists."

His great beauty is spoken of again and again, in loving admiration. He was of the shining Saxon type,

"His hair was waved from off a brow
Like hill snow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
He seemed to me no man
But Michael trampling Satan."

The poet gives him all the physical attributes belonging to the early king, "the man who can," who is able to hold his own against all adversaries; he has comeliness, noble proportion and just strength. Even in his last hours when his mortal strength is ebbing, he is still so powerful that he threatens the disobedient Sir Bedivere, "I will arise and slay thee with my hands." And the knight, fully armed, knows that it is no empty threat that though Arthur is unarmed and dying,

"He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts."

Arthur's character, though hard to understand, is one of vital interest and appeals not alone to our ideals and aspirations, but also to our human sympathies and affections.

King Arthur's ideals were high, he believed fully that every human life should begin and end in God, divinity its source, perfection its destiny. He was all this, as has been said, "He wore the white flower of a blameless life," but he made mistakes at times as every natural character must do.

None but a manly man could have so strongly impressed his personality and ideals upon those about him and more than this, there can be no greater power than to lead another into righteousness. None but a sincere man could have held in friendship to the very last the man whose every natural impulse must have been to break the bond between himself and the King. And most surely, none but a man sincere and strong could have at the last moment reclaimed the Queen.

When young we find him believing strongly in the good in himself and in his fellowmen, and daring to bind his knights, by vows high and holy, dedicating them with him to a work of worth. Notwithstanding the knights' failures and dissensions and his own troubles, never did he lose patience.

Arthur knew no personal regret. His was a nature that having put his hand to the plow, looked not back, but pressed ever forward toward the mark of his high calling. His own high thinking did not put him out of sympathy with the knights and never did he say, "I am better than thou." He was as modest about his moral worth as about his battles and never

gave any credit to himself. He always spoke with tender sympathy and encouragement to those who had made mistakes. As to Balin he says—

“ Rise, my true knight, as children learn, be thou
Wiser for falling ! ”

He tries to influence Vivien by a seeming unconsciousness of her evil thought. He, being a man most chivalrous toward women, can not bear to openly reprove her for her sin, but would have her “ Grow pure by being purely shone upon.”

Having judged Arthur by his relation to his fellowmen, it is well to recall the nature of a man in whom is established the perfect symmetry of self-control and who measures every act of his life by God’s secret word. He considers himself, as he does the diamond crown, to be “ the kingdom’s, not the king’s,” and gives full recognition of the debt of strength to weakness in his estimate of the nature of his office. “ We sit king, to help the wronged.” King Arthur’s was a large nature incapable of petty emotions. To him life was real and earnest, not a matter of mere words and false courtesies.

Courtesy was with him no superficial gloss, it was ingrained into his life. His love for others is of a wholly unselfish type. He glories in their achievements and gifts. He delights in Guinevere’s beauty, in Lancelot’s courtliness, and the purity of Sir Galahad. For himself he asks no recognition, only the privilege of living his own life, of fighting the battles of a just cause, with truth and honor, for his companions.

Whether Arthur was an ideal man and knight is a question hard to answer. Guinevere at one time derides him as “ that passionate perfection ” and cries, “ He is all fault who hath no fault at all.” Judged by the standard of a young girl, who longed for warmth and color, Arthur, heavy and grave with cares of state, was at one time a disappointment and a reproof. His high purity and devotion to duty unconsciously reprovèd her lightness and her sin; his ignorance of the demands of her woman’s heart for the love that spoke by words and caresses, angered and disappointed her. But later in life she cries,

“ Now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest, most human too.”

How dearly Arthur loved Guinevere we only learn, when foreseeing the end he is absorbed in the question of her salvation. In his last words to her we find a man tender and human but so filled with pure love and holy faith, that even in his hour of supreme pain he is strong, and inspires her with heavenly hope. "Then," says Hillis, "sounds the note of final victory. Adversity, war, ingratitude, the faithlessness of friends within, the hatred of enemies without—all these had conspired to break the King's spirit. But rising triumphant over every enemy, this flower of kings, this knightliest of all brave men, snatches faith from faithlessness, keeps love midst hate, meets dishonor with forgiveness."

But the crowning moment is yet to come, when unconscious of victory, the great King moves toward death. Sir Bedivere, overwhelmed by all the losses and changes, cries out,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
For now I see the true old times are dead!"

But the soul of Arthur, stronger, clearer-eyed, is victorious in this last conflict and he answers with heroic confidence that death doth not change all—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God, fulfills Himself in many ways."

BERYL MORRIS, '07.

Argus.

“Night-Caps.”

DURING the reign of Louis XIV., the fair country of France was in a very terrible condition. The majority of the people were Catholics. A few, however, had openly accepted the teachings of Protestantism, regardless of the consequences. The members of the forsaken, outraged mother church considered no punishment too severe for these bold, brave deserters from the old tyrannical faith. Such long-continued and horrible persecution caused those who had once loved the very soil of France to despise her, and to long for a home in some land where they would be free to worship God as they pleased.

Among these was a very rich old lady, Madame Durand, whose life had become almost unbearable because of the terrible cruelty of her enemies, who, beneath the mask of loyalty and zeal for the church, committed deeds of unspeakable horror. She had made many attempts to escape to friends in America, but each time she had been dragged back, and a stricter watch had been placed upon her movements.

At last she seemed to her hated watchers to have given up the struggle, but she had really decided upon a plan for flight which promised a reasonable hope of success. Every day she and her devoted servants stayed quietly in the house and were very busily at work. At the end of a few days, a barrel, or large cask, marked “Hose” was carried out of the house by several servants. The dragoons, who were stationed about the house, examined it carefully, but, finding nothing important, inside or out, they allowed it to be carried to the wharf. After brief intervals, two more strangely marked barrels were taken out. The soldiers laughed, and said, “Why, the old heretic must be furnishing supplies for some shop in America !” They no longer took the trouble to examine the barrels.

One day, as the soldiers were gathered about the door, the servants brought out still another barrel, this time maked "Night-Caps." The dragoons gathered suspiciously around, commenting jestingly upon the curious label, a few offering the suggestion that the cask be opened. In the end, however, their laziness overcame their suspicion and their duty, and they allowed the anxious, excited attendants to pass on. They bore their burden to the shore and placed it upon the ship that was to sail for America early the next morning. The captain came out to meet them, and, having received some whispered information from one of them, he went over, with a chuckle of satisfaction, to examine the cask. The faithful servants then returned to the house, and went about their duties as usual.

At daybreak the ship sailed out of the harbor, and then a strange thing happened. The captain ordered the cask to be opened,—and out stepped the determined, brave, now smiling Madame Durand, who had tried so often to escape her persecutors!

The angry dragoons, having discovered that the clever old lady had at last outwitted them, tried their best to overtake her, but she was beyond their reach, sailing away over the ocean to friends, freedom, and peace in a new land.

BESSIE PAULETT, '10.

Argus.

A Few Pages from a School Girl's Diary.

FRIDAY, Jan. 26.—This morning the pale-faced and anxious-hearted girls arose early, unable to sleep for thinking of those tickets to be received to-day. Girls were seen crowding about in little excited groups, and some were parading the halls with "passed" tickets pinned conspicuously on the fronts of their shirt-waists.

Dr. Messenger asked the girls in his class if they wanted round trip tickets. As this was his first term here perhaps he did not know that we, with our desire for knowledge of new things, never care to retrace any journey, and especially if that journey leads through the various fields of education.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—Tonight was class night. Some of the graduates had on their prettiest dresses, and they certainly did read their papers well. I know I would have been scared to death, if I had been in their places.

Monday, Jan. 29.—Well, commencement is over. The diplomas were delivered tonight. I never saw so many flowers in my life. The ushers were kept as busy as they could be carrying them.

Wednesday, Jan. 31.—This morning in chapel as the President began to give out notices, it was amusing to see the new Senior B's look timidly, first at their clocks, and then at each other, and finally rise and march out in a very business-like manner. No doubt they felt important, exercising for the first time this privilege which no other girl dares to use.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—We had a family talk from our President tonight. Yesterday a new set of rules and regulations, printed in black on delicately tinted pink card-board, was tacked on each door, and tonight these had to be explained; and the most important ones properly emphasized.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.—As there were no other announcements in chapel this morning, the Senior B class and the two literary

societies came to our rescue by having the notice of their respective call-meetings read. Each was to meet promptly in Miss Andrews' class room at the short recess! This created a little confusion, and several minutes of the first period were required to straighten it out.

Saturday, Feb. 10.—Poor Lou Semones broke her much prized gold tooth today at dinner in her efforts to masticate the beef. The consequences are that she was allowed to go down town (to the dentist) without having her name recorded.

Sunday, Feb. 11.—When we came from church tonight we entered the building without opposition, by means of the front door. As this door is usually opened only to special couples, we felt very much complimented. (The side door was locked. Perhaps the key had been misplaced.)

Thursday, Feb. 15.—The spirit of "pranking" seems to be pervading the school. It is not at all uncommon for a girl to find her pictures with their faces all turned to the wall, her bed made up "pie fashion," or quinine on her tooth brush. Indeed, a lock is no bar to these jokers as long as a trunk, a chair and a transom are available.

Friday, Feb. 16.—Oh, horrors! We have all got to be vaccinated. The President told us so this morning; at least he said he would consider it a wise precaution for each one of us to be vaccinated, and I guess that means the same thing. I wonder if there is any way of getting out of it!

Saturday, Feb. 17.—I was vaccinated today. I was awfully scared at first, but it really didn't hurt very much after all.

Monday, Feb. 19.—This morning in Chemistry class we had a very scientific explanation of why we should see "stars" when we strike our heads. The explanation was this: "The stars are sparks from the electricity produced by the friction of the blow!" How true we find that old saying, "Live to learn."

Tuesday, Feb. 20.—When we greet our friends now it is no longer, "Good morning, how are you?" but, "Good morning, how is your arm?" As a general thing, the arm is "just killing" her.

Wednesday, Feb. 21.—We have begun to organize our class. Most of the classes performed this important duty today.

The first B's rivaled, if not surpassed, the Senior B's in their enthusiasm. They became so absorbed in their first meeting that they all came into dinner late, trembling with excitement, pride, and fear (for this was against the rules). Some girls have not yet formed a class for they can not decide whether they belong to the old third A, new third A, fourth A, old junior A, new junior A, or professional junior A. No doubt they will organize also, when their final decision is made.

ELEANOR B. WIATT, '07.

Argus.

The Day I Was Most Tired.

ONE bright June day, a merry picnic party went to the top of a mountain near my home. We spent the morning as picnic parties usually do, but after dinner one of the boys proposed to take us to a cliff near by, from which we could see the neighboring villages and the mountains of four states. We were eager to go, and started out in gay spirits. The trail to the cliff is narrow and rocky and leads through dangerous places. It is covered with thick undergrowth of huckleberry bushes that catch the clothes in a most provoking way. The boundary line between Virginia and West Virginia is a barbed wire, running parallel with the trail; it gave us more trouble that day than it has ever given the two states. In some places the way was so steep that we had to crawl on our hands and knees, but we toiled on, in spite of the difficulties.

It was a tiresome climb, and when we reached the cliff, all of us, except the indefatigable small boy of the party, were too exhausted to do anything but rest for a while. He climbed over the rocks with the greatest pleasure. Once he almost tumbled over the precipice, and frightened us so that we were weaker and more tired than ever, so we scolded him well. He wisely passed around lemonade, and we being refreshed, stopped our scolding and began to look about us. The view from the cliff was beautiful, and we forgot all weariness as we looked out upon the white villages, the peaceful valley farms, and the great stretches of mountains.

After spending two hours here, we began the long, downhill journey home. Going up a mountain trail is hard work, but going down is harder. The rocks are always tripping one up; empty lunch baskets seem to weigh tons; skirts increase in length; and the knees have an uncomfortable trick of giving way at the steepest, roughest place. Down we went, and down,

also, went the loose stones, striking our blistered feet without mercy.

After a long time, we reached the foot of the mountain and turned into the valley road leading to town. Presently we came to a path, and my father said, "This leads over the ridge to the church."

One of the boys spoke up quickly, "Pardon me, but you are mistaken."

They argued a while, and finally decided to go on to the next path. When we had almost reached the top of the hill, two of the girls rushed on ahead. They gave such cries of distress that we hurried to their rescue. We, too, cried out, when we saw in front of us, not the town, but another ridge; we poured out our wrath upon poor Charles's head, but it was to no purpose. There was nothing to do but to take another climb.

This time there were wire fences to crawl under, and felled trees to crawl over, and once or twice we thought we could go no farther. As we neared the top, we began to brighten up. Alas, for our fond hopes! When we stood on the crest of the hill, we saw a third ridge. This was almost too much to stand. We looked around in despair, for it seemed that we were lost. At last, Charles discovered the top of the water tank, and we decided that the town must be on the other side of this ridge.

It was a weary, silent company that toiled up the hillside. Even when we saw the unmistakable spires of the churches, we showed no sign of joy. Neither did the knowledge that this longer route had brought us into town a good half mile from home cause us any dismay. We had ceased to be interested in anything.

Seven o'clock found me on our porch, resting in my favorite hammock. As I lay there, feeling very comfortable, a tall, stoop-shouldered man came around the house with a slow, shambling gait, and went into the church. He was the sexton. Presently, he opened the windows, and began, in an aimless fashion, to dust the sills with a feather duster. I hate feather dusters, and I have a special antipathy to this shiftless, unkempt man, but neither disturbed me just then. I wondered for a mo-

ment why he was cleaning the church, but dismissed my wonder and soon fell asleep. A little later, he waked me by calling, "Miss, will you kindly see if 'tis time to ring the bell for prayer-meeting?"

"Prayermeeting!" I cried, starting up; "do we have prayermeeting tonight?"

"I reckon so; we gen'ally does Wednesdays," he answered.

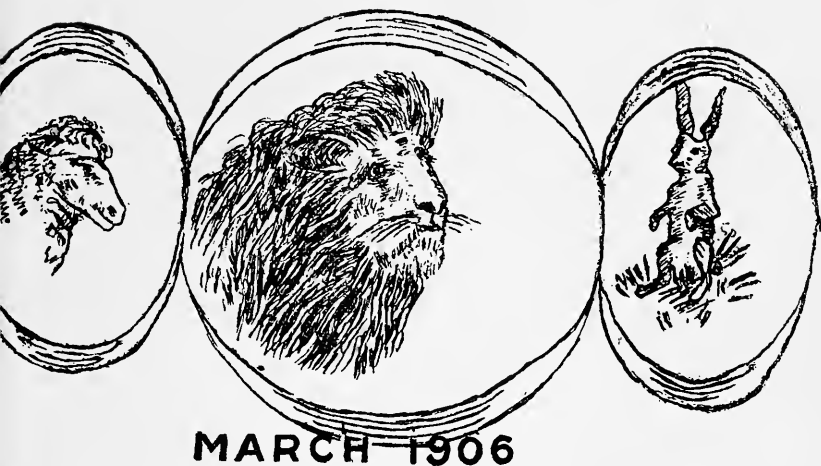
Of course we do! And there is never anybody to play the organ but the minister's daughter, and I, being that important young lady, must needs go. I told the man rather sharply to ring the bell, and then walked away in a frame of mind most unbecoming to "a daughter of the manse."

I pulled through it, somehow, but at nine o'clock I got into bed more tired than I have ever been in my life. I could not sleep. I tossed from one side of the bed to the other. I still seemed to be going down the mountain, with the rocks hitting me and the thorns catching my clothes. I heard the clock strike ten, then eleven, and I was still wide awake. How long the minutes were! The clock began to strike again: one—two—three—four—five—six—sev—. Our clock is a reliable one, and I think it must have finished that stroke and gone on to the twelfth, but I do not know for I mercifully fell asleep before it was done.

FLORA THOMPSON, '07.

Argus.

Editorials.



MARCH 1906

“For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
 The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of
 birds is come,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

A Thought from
 Br. Mitchell's Address.

We have heard all our lives that “Cotton is King in the South.” We saw pictures in our first geography of slaves picking cotton. We heard how Eli Whitney invented the gin, and how Madame Greene held the floor-brush against the clogged teeth of the model when the inventor was about to despair. In the fourth grade, we read aloud our compositions that told the story of a cotton plant, from the seed dropped in the soil to the new dress we were proudly wearing. We enumerated its uses in the economics class, and wrote an article on child labor in the cotton mills for the home missionary society. We have always

known about cotton, rejoiced in its beautiful cool fabrics, and taken it as a matter of course.

Dr. Mitchell, in his address to the graduates in February, gave us a new thought about cotton, one that sets us thinking. His whole speech had the effect of making the hour, and place, and opportunities in which we live, seem neither narrow nor commonplace, but full of beautiful possibilities. His suggestion about cotton is in this same line of thought. When the staple crops of other sections are harvested and sold, that is the last of them to the community that lives by them; the farmer, the merchant, the exporter pocket the proceeds, and await another season. When cotton is marketed its influence is just begun. It influences almost every field of endeavor, it gives employment to almost every special talent and offers countless opportunities for eager ambition. There are great plants to be built—the architect designs buildings spacious and beautiful, the engineer and builder erect them; the inventor exercises all his power in wonderful new machines; the chemist evolves delicate processes, discovers new dyes, learns how to give lustre and beauty and strength to the fabric; the artist puts his observations of Nature and his delicate fancies into exquisite combinations of color and form; the manufacturer devises new uses for waste products, and a great industry grows up out of the seed alone. There is scarcely a science or a craft that may not find employment for its best energies in the production of cotton. The economist, the social scientist, the law-giver, ponder its problems. The ships of the nations carry it through the Seven Seas. In the world's markets it demands every form of human activity from the muscle of the longshoreman to the finesse of the captain of industry.

It is a quickening thought. Yet cotton is but one of the thousand resources of our beautiful South; when we think of them, we recall Sir Walter Raleigh's undaunted prophecy of Virginia, "Please God, it shall be a great nation yet."

The way some girls use slang, seems to imply that they are "ashamed of their mother tongue, and do not find it sufficiently varied to express the whims of their minds."

**Do Manners
Make Woman?** In nothing does a woman so soon make herself known as in her manners. Not only her own traits of character, but also the nature of her social surroundings are unmistakably shown by her manners.

Those of us who are away from our homes should realize this more fully. The slightest thing we do or say, reflects either credit or discredit upon those we love. Wherever we are, in church or at school, on the street, or at a social gathering, our manners speak most eloquently of the training we have received. We cannot push our way around, rush against people, disturb others by our loud laughing and talking, criticise and find fault, and still be thought good-mannered. And if we are not good-mannered, people do not stop to consider the natural thoughtlessness of girls, but blame our home training. How often you hear it said of some rude, boisterous girl, "Why doesn't her mother teach her better manners?" Surely, those who love us and whom we love have the right to expect from us the best that is in us. And in no other way does a girl so plainly show her culture or lack of culture, her fineness or her pettiness as in the ordinary courtesies of life.

We know that true politeness rests upon a foundation of consideration for others. The well-bred girl is always the kind-hearted girl: the one who has respect for the rights and feelings of those about her. Would the girl who is considerate of other people, whisper and giggle at a concert or lecture; or, if there is a meeting going on, which she does not care to attend, would she race up and down the hall overhead, completely drowning the voices of the speakers?

Some of us are so afraid of being insincere, that we go about telling unwelcome facts and expressing our opinions, whether they are asked for or not. In our efforts to be honest, we go to the verge of positive rudeness. Even when two statements are equally truthful, we think honesty compels us to use the harsher. If a friend's hair is the color Cleopatra's is said to have been, we must call it red, and not auburn, as insincere people might do. So say our honest friends. If we are selfish and jealous, we can never be well-mannered, though we call it honesty, sincerity, truthfulness, or whatever we like.

But most girls are not selfish; just a little thoughtless; just a little too high-spirited; just a little too fond of saying "I don't care." Still, we must remember that manners count; because they help to mould our characters; and establish for us, now, reputations that will follow us all our lives.

"Great talents are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all men are judges of the lesser talents, such as agreeable address and manners, because they feel the effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing."

Then let us cultivate that kindly, courteous bearing which will cause us, everywhere, to be recognized as well-bred young women.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Pins! Pins! All We are familiar with the old saying that "ten
Kinds of Pins! yards of calico and a paper of pins make a woman."
 Have you ever stopped to think how near this comes to being the truth? Some time when you begin to dress, just stop and count the pins you use. You will find that it takes an unusual number of plain pins to keep your clothes together.

Perhaps a more exact estimate of the importance of pins in your toilet is formed when you are dressing in a hurry. Your paper of pins is lost and after a frantic turning over of all the things in your orderly bureau drawer (finding many lost treasures), you finally unearth the object of your search, all tangled up with baby ribbon and those skeins of silk that you felt sure were stolen; you desperately shake the paper open to find all paper and no pins. You take a bird's eye view of the floor, but in this bower of order none seems to have been dropped there. You detach a "souvenir" from the curtain only to find that it had been "pinned" up with a needle (what a boon that needle would have been last week!). All this takes time. How quiet the house is, everybody else has dressed and departed,—you must find a pin! You look in yesterday's shirt waist, but you

are well brought up and have followed your mother's injunction never to leave pins in clothes to lacerate the hands of the launderer.

Your quest continues, the room begins to look cyclonic, your best hat falls into the confusion. As you secure it, you remember to have heard that the trimming of French hats is always pinned on. Didn't that milliner—Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! your hat is sewed with stout American thread. You sit down in absolute despair. You can't go without a collar and you can't pin it with a hat pin. You give up, life is a long series of disappointments. The door opens and your room-mate, who has been dressed twenty minutes, comes calmly in. "What's the matter?" "I can't find a simple, solitary pin! You said you were going to buy some; why didn't you do it?" "I did. There is paper of pins in that package on the bureau."

Why whole tragedies can be wrapped up in one pin. Ask some of the "spooners," if you are not one yourself, if they have ever wished pins were less numerous. Just notice sometime, when you have nothing else to do, how often a girl will start to put her arm around a friend in the most confiding way; her entire manner speaks of the very deepest confidence. Just by watching her, you are sure that she has a most profound secret to share with her companion. But why this sudden change—the arm is jerked away and all enthusiasm flees from the face? Did the other say anything wrong? You did not see or hear her say anything that would have caused such a complete change. What is the trouble then? Just watch a little longer and you will see a horrid pin put into its right place. Just think what untold pleasures have been forfeited, all because the other girl was stuck,—with a pin.

This may all seem a joke, but do you know that pins are really dangerous? How many times have we been requested not to wear plain pins in our gym clothes? And yet such pins are often picked up from the floor, though we all know that if any one should run them into her hands or feet while going through the different "stunts," there would possibly be a very serious injury. Don't you shudder at the thought of running a

long brassy pin into your foot, or knee? And yet somebody may be hurt in that way by the pin you dropped.

We should certainly be more considerate of our teacher than to have pins stuck around just everywhere in our clothes, because it is no little matter for her to have her hands torn every time she touches us to show us how to get a new exercise or to keep us from falling. It is a very peculiar way of expressing thanks for such kindness. Are we too lazy to fix our clothes so that they will not have to be pinned on every time?

If it is quite necessary for you to use pins, then why not supply yourself with one of the school-pins, that are going to be here soon. These pins will not ruin anyone's hands, nor make your best friend feel that she is doing a dangerous thing if she puts her arm around you. The pins are going to be very pretty and neat, and every girl should have one. We are sure that every Normal School girl will be proud to wear this pin, and let us hope that the school will be proud because we have worn it. Let each one of us see to it that our pin, known everywhere as the pin of the State Normal School, shall stand everywhere for scholarship, honor, and character.

“O wind, a blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.”

We had no intention of denying Tennyson the authorship of “The Snowdrop,” when we failed to sign his name to the poem in the February GUIDON.

Heard In Passing. “Good-morning. How is your arm?” What is most frequently heard on the halls at night cannot very well be represented on paper, but it sounds something like—“smack.”

“Oh, be jabbers! here is another—.”

“What did you get on your paper?”

“Has the bell rung?”

“Good-night, dearie, sweet dreams.”

“Oh, don't touch my arm!”

"Great jeminy, I just did skin through."

"I do wish we could have some hot water once in a while."

"Oh horrors! oh misery! oh despair! oh disappointment!
oh dire disaster! She has refused to do it, we are turned down
again."

"Is today dessert day?"

The artistic girl: "Oh, here is my angel of a paint brush."

"Come in. I knew that was your divine knock."

"Has chapel begun?"

"May I have the first dance after prayers tonight?"

"Well, if I were you, I'd go straight to Mr. Jarman."

Our Reading Table.

JACK LONDON.

"In the spring of 1897, three young men sat around a Dawson campfire and talked about the prospect for gold in Yukon. Two of these were brothers, the sons of a wealthy banker. The third was a bronzed, deep-auburn-haired, muscular boy of twenty-three, one whose living had not been accustomed to come to him, except in return for toil. This third, possessing a wonderful power to adapt himself to any social environment, had won the confidence and esteem of the rich, but genial, brothers. All were on the same errand—to find illimitable wealth in Yukon mines."

This is the opening paragraph of an article on Jack London, the traveler, the novelist, the social reformer, found in *The Craftsman*, for February, 1906.

This was the beginning of London's experience which resulted in the inspiration to write the first of his great stories. He was but twenty-four years old, yet this adventure was the fourth of a series that had taken him more than half-way around the world.

He began this career of adventure as a world-wanderer on San Francisco Bay, eleven years previous. Launched in his swift sail-boat, "Reindeer," which he regarded as robber and pirate from the start, his work had the halo of romance for him. He was employed to do patrol work on San Francisco Bay, guarding the oyster beds from poachers. His pay for this exciting employment was based on the percentage of fines of pirates arrested, and he also shared in the rewards offered by private parties.

London's Bay adventures were scarcely over when he went to sea. He sailed to the ocean north of Japan. Three weeks only were spent on land in the Orient, the ship having touched at Yokohama.

On his return to California he again became interested in "The Henry Clay," a debating society which added greatly to his small education. The society had planned an open debate in which London was to take a prominent part. However, when the day before the debate arrived he was nowhere to be found. His instinctive sympathy for humanity had been aroused by the unemployed members of Coxey's army who had gone off to Washington. So, in response to his sympathetic and adventurous nature, he had followed them.

London was not trained in the sense the ordinary college boy is. He left the public schools of Oakland, California, when he had barely finished the grades. But he was a Californian and his mother state had given him of Nature's best, developing a physique of twisted steel and accounting for the make-up of his mentality.

When London returned from his tramp to the east, it was with more fixed ideals of life. He now realized the deficiency of his education to carry out his ambition, which was two-fold, literary and socialistic. Hence he took steps to improve it, and entered the Oakland High School. Here he contributed to the school magazine, "The Ægis." He already had his dreams of entering college and found the preliminary preparation of the high school too slow. As a result, in order to gain time, he entered a private academy where he studied for three months. But expenses here were too heavy so he fitted himself by private study for the University of California, where he completed his formal education. The pursual of his education had meant hard work at anything that brought a few dimes. Yet in the midst of his overbearing efforts his literary instinct was not dormant.

Among the works which have been of special value to London are Darwin's, Huxley's, Tyndall's, and Spencer's. By poring over these and similar treatises there came about a relation between his social creed and his art. In fact, they formed a background for his art. For without a knowledge of these, Buck of the "Call of the Wild" would have been impossible, and Humphrey Van Weyden of the "Sea-Wolf" would have been an unfortunate sailor-boy whose sea experiences signify nothing but spectacular sorrow and suffering.

His Klondike adventure contributed to his mental equipment the consciousness of the profound tragedy of life. He saw life as it was with the primitive tribes in their struggle for existence; he saw what modern civilization means, and began to interpret its meaning. The theory of evolution had made him more conscious than ever of the profound tragedy of life. "The relation of man to the past, his slow racial development thro' the ages, his sub-conscious memories of the long forgotten experiences of far off ancestors, his struggle to master his instincts, opened undreamed of vistas of life, and furnished the young writer's richest materials." Since civilization had made such rapid advances, and existence in modern life was such an advance over the struggles of the past, the question arose with him—what could be done further to ameliorate the contest? "Socialism, a scheme of human evolution, was the remedy." So he plunged in to accomplish this reform.

The result of his study of the Northland was the "Call of the Wild," which is his most popular work.

The latest phase in his life of adventure was his presence in Japan as war correspondent.

Jack London is the ideal of strenuous Americanism. Two books have been issued from his pen since last March. In the meantime he has dramatized "The Scorn of Women" and "The Great Interrogation." He is now meeting on schedule time engagements for a series of lectures in the eastern states. Though hard pressed with other work, he does not neglect his scientific socialism. He is a living exponent of the proverb, "Genius consists chiefly of an enormous capacity for hard work."

FRANCES S. MUNDEN.

TWO AUTHORS WITH DUAL PERSONALITIES.

While they were living, I doubt if we ever mentioned the names of Henry Harland and William Sharp together. There is nothing in their works that would cause them to be associated and yet there is a peculiar characteristic of both that makes them seem akin. Both are authors with "dual personalities." 'Tis thus that *Current Literature* for February speaks of them

in a very interesting article entitled "Two Authors with Dual Personalities." The *Bookman* for February also has an article on each.

Henry Harland began to write when he was twenty-three years old. He made a special study of the well-to-do Jews of New York. While engaged in this work he wrote under the name of "Sidney Luska," and both on account of his theme and because his cast of countenance was somewhat Jewish he was thought to be a Jew himself. Even the Jews were mistaken.

Later Mr. Harland went to London where he began a new career. He became connected with "The Yellow Book," and while writing in this vein was the center of a coterie that included many well known writers.

Once more his style underwent a transformation. He turned again to novel writing, but this time wrote under his own name. Of these later works the one perhaps most deserving of mention is "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." In speaking of it the *New York Outlook* says: "It is to be compared only with Mr. Tarkington's 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'" It is a romance of the purest kind, told with great delicacy of feeling and refinement of style, against a beguiling Italian background.

However, the identification of "Sidney Luska" was less of a puzzle to the public than that of "Fiona Macleod." Says *Current Literature*, "Even the English 'Who's Who,' which is strongly opposed to *noms de plume*, spoke of 'Miss Fiona Macleod' as a real person and gave a list of her books. It also mentioned her favorite recreations, 'sailing, hill walks and listening.' One of her chief pleasures must have been listening to guessers regarding her identity."

Mrs. William Sharp has lifted the veil of this "most interesting literary mystery in the United Kingdom during the past ten years," by announcing that her husband wrote all the works in prose and verse credited to "Fiona Macleod."

"Indeed here is the mystery. Sharp was a well-known man of letters, a most industrious author, clever and cultivated, a friend of many famous people, editor of numerous volumes, and a critic for various periodicals, but he never attained fame.

In a moment he could have become famous instead of respected. The word that would have given him renown he never spoke, and it has been left to his widow to make him famous after his death."

Mr. Richard Whiting, an intimate friend of Sharp's, says: "Fiona Macleod was the greatest of his own creations in fiction. She had never any existence whatever, except in his brain, and yet she was a most delicate and sympathetic womanhood. He felt his Celtic poetry intensely; he took enormous pains about it. He knew what it was to live in lonely fishermen's huts in the remotest highlands, and to make his wonderful studies of cloud and sea and storm under conditions that would have appalled many an old salt. He had an idea—perhaps a fanciful one—that he had enemies in the press, and that to give his Celtic muse the best chance she should be wholly dissociated from his name. In this way 'Fiona' came into the world."

"William Sharp was one of those few people who seem to have inherited a dual personality, and he was able to keep its parts entirely separate. It was as if a man and women were joined together in one person."

WHAT ENGLISH POETRY OWES TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

In general, people are apt to think of poets, not as young men, but as gray-bearded old men who have learned all that Nature can teach of things sad and joyous, who have fought the battles of life, and having come out victorious, have their lives prolonged solely for the purpose of giving pleasure or sympathy or consolation to people through their writings.

In the *North American Review* for February an article by Francis E. Clark entitled, "What English Poetry Owes to Young People," shows that young men can write poetry, and that what some of these have written in their teens will live forever.

The author deals only with the poets who have died before the end of their twenty-fifth year. This, of course, excludes Shelly and numerous other poets who have done excellent work in their early youth. Some of the names mentioned are Chatter-

ton, Henry K. White, Joseph Gregg, Keats, Richard Gall and Robert Nicoll.

He places Chatterton among the most famous of these. Less than eighteen when he died, yet he has written some exquisite poetry, his hymns being especially beautiful. Other hymn-writers are Henry K. White and Joseph Grigg, the latter being only ten years old when he wrote the hymn beginning:

“ Jesus ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ? ”

Keats, one of our foremost English poets, was but twenty-five when he died, and his first book of poems was published in his twenty-second year.

Richard Gall and Robert Nicoll, two Scotch poets, died before they were twenty-five. The former wrote some very pleasing Scotch songs; the latter was a political writer as well as poet, and in his poetry we find the “sturdy opinions of human equality and brotherhood” which he held to through life. His “We are Brethren A’ ” reminds us of Burns’ “A Man’s a Man for a’ That.”

The author mentions all of these as illustrating two points: the seriousness running through youth and the religious cast of the youthful poet’s mind. In their writings we find very little that is humorous, heroic, or tragic, and also very few love songs. Humor and wit do not belong to youth, but to fully developed manhood. The youth “has not found out how necessary it is in rounding off the sharp corners of life” and in him we find an earnestness and seriousness that is very noticeable. The youthful poet has not gone far enough away from his mother’s knee to forget her teachings. He still discerns the heaven that lies around his infancy and has not learned the “raillery and cynicism of his older comrade.”

Thus, “the annals of poetry, as well as of war and business and scholarship and statesmanship, teach us that not in vain will the world look to its youth for leadership in all things strong and heroic.”

Open Column.

IS THE OPEN COLUMN A FARCE?

This is rather a startling question, but it needs consideration. Is this really an open column? The editors of THE GUIDON must have intended it to be, for in the October number there is an editorial which says that this column belongs to the girls themselves. Here they may write, within certain limits, of the things that please them, or that displease them. They may make any suggestion that they wish about the different phases of school life. Of all the departments of the magazine this seems most truly our own, and yet the editors have seen little manifestation of our interest.

The very title shows that they expected the contributions to be voluntary. But does the column deserve its name? Are the contributions purely voluntary? Some of us know the contrary. The girls are asked to contribute, and their subjects are selected for them! What a state of affairs! Is it the fault of the editors, or of the girls?

The trouble lies with us. We have not thought about the matter seriously, we have not given our magazine the proper support. The editors are not to be blamed. They must, in some way, keep up all the departments of THE GUIDON. If we send them no contributions, how can they, except by asking girls to help them?

Each girl should feel that she is partly responsible for the success of this column, and should, once in a while, write a short paragraph for it. Surely we can find something to say. Are we leading such monotonous lives that no one is pleased or displeased? If we are, this very monotony would be an interesting subject. We owe it to our sense of loyalty, and to the editors who have so kindly given us a place in the magazine, to make this page bright and interesting, and really an *open* column. If we set our brains to work, we shall find that we have no lack of material.

Who will be the first to start the reform, to make this farce a reality?

T. C.

HEARD IN A BOARDING SCHOOL.

Just as two members of the faculty emerged from the President's office conversing in a very serious tone of voice, an excited school-girl who overheard, or rather thought she overheard, their conversation appeared around the corner and dashed up the steps two at a time into her room.

"Oh ! Mary," says she very much excited, "they just had a tearing down time in faculty meeting this afternoon. I know, for as I was coming around the corner a few minutes ago I heard Miss B—— say that they were going to 'ship' that new girl, Eloise Ramsay. Isn't that dreadful?"

"Why, it surely is," said her companion. "What on earth could she have done to have deserved such punishment? I am so sorry, for I have always liked her ever since that night she invited us up to her grand box of chicken, oysters, cake, and, oh ! just a stack of good things to eat. She looks so timid no one would have ever thought for once that she would do anything wrong."

"Yes, it does seem strange," said Nell Roberts, the first girl. "But you know some people claim that these quiet, timid girls are the very ones you cannot trust. I just think some one ought to tell her before she is called up. Suppose we go up and tell her room-mate."

"All right," said Mary, and rushing out they soon reached the room. A faint "Come" answered their knock. After pouring their direful tale of woe into the ears of the culprit's room-mate, they depart.

A few minutes later Eloise comes in with tears in her eyes and a look of distress on her face. In some way she has heard this preposterous tale.

"What have I done," says she, "that I should be sent home? I did say the other day that I would not be vaccinated. Do you suppose that is why I am to be 'shipped,' as the girls say?"

Her room-mate's soothing words were of no avail. She refused to go down either to supper or breakfast.

Next morning an abject picture of misery met the President's eye as he entered his office. With sobbing breath she pours out her tale. Mr. A—— hears her through with astonishment and great surprise, assuring her of his ignorance concerning her approaching departure as well as the whole ridiculous rumor.

The poor girl tries to explain. "Why, I—er,—one of the girls told me that Nell Roberts heard Miss B—— say yesterday afternoon as she was coming out of faculty meeting, that—that I was to be 'shipped.' "

"Well, now," says Mr. A——, "I think Miss Roberts is mistaken about that. I will look into the matter. So far as I remember your name was not mentioned in faculty meeting. Please tell Miss Roberts to come to my office at the short recess."

At 10:45 not only Miss Roberts, but also Miss B——, appears on the scene of action.

After an explanation from Miss Roberts, Mr. A—— asks, "Miss B——, did you say anything to that effect yesterday afternoon when you left faculty meeting?"

During the interview Miss B——'s mirth has been almost uncontrolable. Shaking with laughter she finally answers, "No not exactly that, but I do remember now, that I was telling Miss H—— that I failed to get a box which had been shipped from Ramsey, New York. I think that explains it all."

"Well, Miss Roberts," says Mr. A—— laughing heartily, "now you see your mistake. The word 'ship' may have two meanings. Next time try not have such good (?) ears and such a vivid imagination. See to it that the correct story spreads as rapidly as did the false."

THE SWEATER IN THE CLASS ROOM.

Why are girls always and forever trying to imitate boys? Everyone admires the spirit of independence which is truly a stamp of the American girl of today, provided she does not overstep the bounds into the masculine realm. The chief idea and aim of the "present day" girl, seemingly, is to look, act, talk and dress like a boy. She cultivates a certain swaggering air,

laughs boisterously, and seasons her conversation with as many slang words and phrases as possible.

She is never happier than when a boy's cap is perched on the back of her bonny brown head, unless, indeed, it is when she dons a sweater.

Now a sweater, like everything else, is all right in its place, but surely that place is not in the class-room. While it hardly seems possible that this article of apparel could ever have been intended for the gentle sex, it may be exceedingly comfortable and convenient in the game of basket-ball, but surely it ought to be limited to that field and not be made a part of the everyday costume.

The habit of using it as a makeshift is formed, and certainly we should shun anything that inculcates untidiness. When a girl enters a class room, no matter how attractive the style of her hair nor how neat the rest of her apparel, the observer involuntarily puts her down as one of shiftless habits and careless personal appearance when the untidy sweater is seen rolling thickly up around her throat.

A proper respect for the teacher and for her classmates, if she has none for herself, ought to prevent any girl from wearing such an inappropriate article of dress as a sweater in the class room.

Surely, if any class of girls ought to be as sweet and girlish and dainty as possible, those girls are the "Normalites."

U. M. C. A. Notes.

THE second Sunday in February is observed the world over as a day of prayer for students. This year the day seemed to our girls even a more blessed time than usual. A special benediction seemed to rest upon it.

Henrietta Dunlap led the morning watch. A spirit of earnestness pervaded this meeting, and those present gained much strength and peace.

Rev. S. C. Hatcher, pastor of the Methodist church, preached a sermon to students at his morning service. His theme was "Intercessory Prayer," and his text, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication," Eph. 6:18. He gave several reasons why we should pray. He said that prayer places us in the very best company; that we owe it to God as an appreciation of His character and His love; that it ennobles our lives; and that we derive manifold benefits therefrom. Mr. Hatcher then spoke of the different kinds of prayer, explaining the need and result of intercession for friends.

Students were remembered in the services of the other churches, and earnest prayer was made that the way to colleges and schools might be opened to young men and women who have no educational and religious advantages.

A special meeting was held in the auditorium at five o'clock. Miss Coulling was the leader. The meeting opened with a prayer service, and God's blessing was asked upon all students and upon all the influences for good that come into student-life. In her talk, Miss Coulling spoke of the many prayers that were going up to God. For twenty-four hours they never ceased. As the day faded in one country the dawn broke in another, and the prayers continued until the great chain belted the globe. She said that perhaps there is no other day in all the year when so many petitions are offered for individuals, when so many

people pray to God calling their friends by name. At the close of this talk, Frances Munden sang, in an impressive manner, "For you I am praying."

It was a day of serious thought and heart-searching, and yet it was full of joy. The prayers that had gone up to heaven were as "a sweet smelling savor," and God poured out his richest blessing on the student world.

Alumnae Notes.

Mary Ford, one of our January graduates, is acting as substitute for a month in the public school, Axton, Virginia.

Bettie Price Starling, also a graduate of January, is teaching near her home at Lone Oak, Va.

Alice Coleman is the supervisor of music in the public schools of Norfolk; her sister Ethel is teaching in Stevenson, S. C.

Sue Muse has been very ill during the winter, but we are delighted to learn that she is now well enough to resume her duties in the Bristol graded school.

Claudine Kizer, Zou Hardy, and Margaret Featherstone are teaching in Roanoke. Fannie Berkley, Jeanette White, Nellie Oakey, and Pauline Camper are teaching in Salem. All are graduates of the Virginia Normal School, and we feel certain from this fact that the schools of that section are fine ones.

Kate and Cora Spain are both teaching, Kate having a school in Davidson, and Cora, in Chesterfield.

Lucy Chrisman and Scotia Stark are both teaching near Natural Bridge. Lucy is boarding at Scotia's home, and we feel sure that these two friends are spending an enjoyable winter.

Mary Jeffries, a graduate of June '06, has a school at Inlet, Culpeper County.

Susie Chilton, graduate of June '05, Gertrude Griffin, and Susie Warner are teaching in the graded school at Scottsville, Virginia.

Jokes.

Mr. J-r-m-n: "Miss L., at what time does your 11:30 arithmetic class come?"

Miss L-n-d-n: "At 11:30."

L-zz-e K-z-r at staff meeting: "My! we are progressing!"

L-l-a S-th-r-l-n: "Arithmetically or gerithmetrically?"

IN CHEMISTRY.

Miss W-nst-n: "Miss Baker, of what use is yeast in bread?"

J. Baker: "I don't know."

Miss W-n-st-n: "Then I am afraid you are a poor Baker."

HEARD AMONG THE JUNIOR B'S.

"Are you going to the Library?"

"Yes, in a minute."

"Well, if you see Robert Louis Stevenson there, tell him I have called on him about twenty times today, but as he was engaged I didn't disturb him."

THE LATEST PUN.

L-zz-e K-z-r, taking notes for editorials: "G-r-c-, get all your points on vaccination."

Gr-c- Th-rp: "Thank you, I shall; we need points for vaccination."

HEARD AT THE "FIRST CLASS MEETING."

"Say, who are you going to denominate for president?"

DISCUSSING "THE OLD MAID'S RETURN."

L. H. "We had that at home, and it certainly did take. Everybody thought it was *fine*. I was the *Madonna* and you should have heard me sing!"

Notes of Local Interest.

The costume song recital given by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cheney, of New York, in the auditorium, Friday evening, February 9, was one of the most delightful entertainments that Farmville has enjoyed for a long while.

On Monday afternoon, February 12, the Senior B class elected the staff of editors for the Annual of 1906. They are as follows: Editor-in-chief, Miss Carrie Dungan; Assistant Editor-in-chief, Miss Nellie Baker; Literary Editor, Miss Virgie McCue; Assistant Literary Editor, Miss Sallie Jones; Business Manager, Miss Elizabeth Verser; Assistant Business Manager, Miss Zoula La Batteaux; Art Editor, Miss Steptoe Campbell; Club Editor, Miss Grace Walton; Picture Editor, Miss Gertrude Burton; Editor of Jokes and Grinds, Miss Vergie Nunn. The staff is already hard at work, with the determination to issue the most creditable Annual ever sent out from this school.

Mr. Archie Thraves, of V. M. I., stopped over for a few hours on Feb. 15, on his way to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Norfolk, to visit his sisters, Misses Annie and Mattie Thraves.

Miss Mattie Thomas, of Christiansburg, spent several days with friends among the students.

Mrs. J. K. Cockran, head of the home, was the guest of Mr. C. Kent in Petersburg on Feb. 15.

Dr. Preston Hundley, of Hampton, was a visitor at school on Thursday, Feb. 22.

Mrs. Portia L. Morrison, for many years the beloved head of the home in the Normal School, visited her friends here Tuesday, February 19. She was accompanied by Miss Annie Morrison, of Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Hattie Wysor, of Pulaski, Va., visited friends here on the twenty-second of February.

The following young ladies had the pleasure of attending the intermediate celebration at Hampden-Sidney College, from February 23-25: Miss Anne and Mildred Richardson the guests of Mrs. John Venable; Miss Hattie Bugg with Mrs. Edmunds; Miss Lizzie Richardson with Mrs. McAllister; Miss Hattie Cox with Mrs. Portia L. Morrison; Misses Martha Edmunds and Frankie McKinley, at Mrs. Major A. Venable's. Miss Carrie Kyle, who was to have been the guest of Mrs. McAllister, was prevented by illness from going.

Miss Minnie Rice, Miss Natalie Lancaster and Miss Mary Schofield represented the Young Women's Christian Association at the great Student Volunteer Convention, which held sessions in Nashville, Tenn., February 28 to March 2.

Mr. James Toms, of Mabelton, Ga., spent Saturday, February 23, with his sister Miss Eline Toms.

From Other Magazines.

Last summer, when King Alfonso was visiting France, an attempt was made to assassinate him.

“Whom are these people after?” asked the king of President Loubet.

“After you, my dear Alfonse,” replied Loubet.—*Ex.*

Prof. B. “What is space?”

F. H. “I can’t think just now, but I have it in my head.”
—*Ex.*

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
“Well, I never,” was his comment,
“Here’s a mule that’s been in jail.”—*Ex.*

Professor (in grammar class).—Parse hug.

McCord. “It is an indeclinable conjunction, active and personal, and both proper and common.”—*Ex.*

He put his arms around her:
The color left her cheek
And stayed upon his coat sleeve
For just about a week.—*Ex.*

Teacher: “Take the sentence, ‘The pupil loves his teacher.’ What is that?”

Pupil: “Sarcasm.”

We would have bought your goods, friend,
Bought more and more, and more,
But you wouldn’t give us your ad, friend,
So we pass right by your store.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

We are glad to note in the January and February issues of the magazines, the almost total absence of the sentimental love story and poem. The torrents of criticism that have lately been poured upon this so-called literature are having, it seems, the desired effect. Let it be remembered, however, that the real love story or poem is not objectionable, but, on the contrary, is desirable. Most of the love stories of today are mere sham,—the product of an age of materialism. In the absence of real sentiment we find imitation. The best way, therefore, to obliterate the latter is to encourage the former. Let the real appear, and the unreal must disappear.

The *Southern Collegian* is, as usual, about the best magazine on our exchange table. We think, however, that a little fiction would add much to its general interest. "Should Immigration Be Further Restricted?" is a strong and well-grounded plea in favor of the negative side of the question. A study of any of Shakespeare's characters is sure to elicit interest; one of the best of these studies comes to us in *The Southern Collegian*. "Iago and Richard III, A Character Study," shows real appreciation of "the two greatest monsters of Shakespeare's wonderful conception." The character of Iago, the "human fiend," and of Richard, the "barefaced villain," stand out in strong relief. These two essays are the best in the magazine; the others, however, are highly creditable. "The Negro, a Beast," an answer to an article appearing in *The North American Review* under that title, shows, to say the least, the power of cutting sarcasm on the part of the author. "Before a Portrait of Luther" is a bold character sketch through the medium of facial outline and expression. "An Evening Sontana" shows real feeling, while the smooth flowing meter of "Shenandoah" reveals the born

rhymers. The exchange department is up to its usual standard of excellence.

The literary department of *The Palmetto* lacks material. "The Jew as Shown in Shylock" is the best article. The author seems to understand and to really appreciate the character of Shylock. The story entitled "The Necklace" is weak in plot and lacks point.

"Dackley's Mill" in *The Emory and Henry Era* arouses at first our pathos and interest, but as we turn the page the grist mill, which furnishes the most truly pathetic element of the story, is gradually lost sight of. "Sato" is a simple Japanese love story. The hero, whose name the story bears as its title, loves a pretty little maid of Japan, but at the call of the emperor he leaves home and maid for the scene of the war. He is wounded and is brought back to Japan but dies before his sweetheart can reach him. The last we see of her she is weeping. Too many of our modern love stories end like this, or even more tragically. Young writers so often think that a story, in order to "take," must have a sensational ending; the death of a hero, therefore, seems the only proper thing,—or rather the easiest thing to bring about that will at the same time give the sensational effect. If the public does demand only what is sensational, that is no reason why the writer should cater to that taste; rather, it should be his work, in part at least, to cultivate it to an appreciation of what is good in literature.

A new exchange, *The Chisel*, comes to us this month. It is a well-filled magazine. The article on "Life," though very brief, shows thought. The following statement especially impressed us: "It is easy to see how one can afford to suffer a wrong, but impossible to think that any man can afford to do wrong." "My John" is the story of a man, almost revolting in personal appearance, who, without real affection, pays court to every marriageable young lady in the county. The picture which it gives of "My John"—a suggestive pseudonym—in his various courtships produces an effect little short of the ludicrous. The departments, "Current Topics" and "Books of the Hour,"

are highly commendable. "Old Quiz," a story belonging to the alumnae department, is most worthy of mention; it has an element of real pathos which is sure to give interest to any story.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Southern Collegian, The Chisel, The Wake Forest Student, The War Whoop, The Virginian, The Tattler, The Messenger, The Emory and Henry Era, The Palmetto.*



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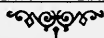
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